

The Mirror

OF

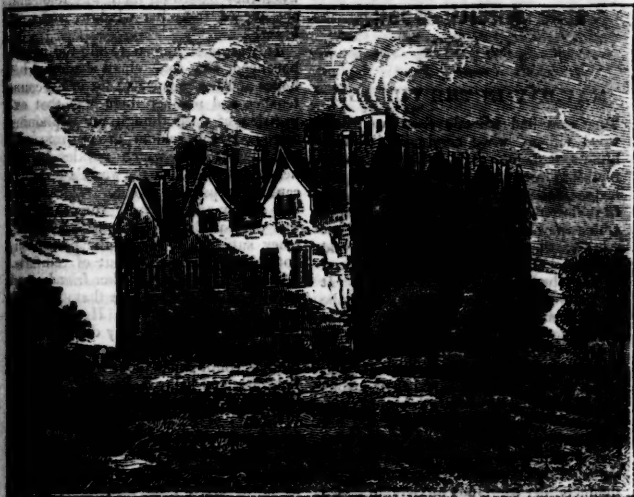
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 233.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1826.

[PRICE 2d.]

Eastbury House, Essex.



In former volumes of the MIRROR we have, at different times, placed before our readers the most interesting facts connected with the Gunpowder Plot—the design of which, it is well known, was to destroy the king, James I., the prince of Wales, and the lords and commons in parliament assembled. As the anniversary of the event, so memorable in history, has recently passed by, we deem it a fit opportunity to give an engraving of Eastbury House, where lord Montague for some time resided. This large and ancient mansion is situated in Barking Level, near Dagenham, in the county of Essex; and our view of it may be regarded as an accurate and interesting representation. Eastbury House has further been noted as the residence of lord Montague at the time of his receiving the letter respecting the plot in 1605; while, on the other hand, it is stated that his lordship was at that period living at a house situated at Montague Close, in the Borough, which was, a few years ago, occupied by a cooper, who converted what ground remained attached to it, to the purposes of his business. The following is a copy of the

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letter, which was delivered to Montague's servant, by an unknown hand, ten days before the meeting of parliament:—

“MY LORD,

“Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm: for the danger is past, as soon as you have burned the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, unto whose holy protection I commend you.”

Montague knew not what to make of this letter; but though inclined to believe it a foolish attempt to frighten and

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ridicule him, he carried it to lord Salisbury, then secretary of state, who laid it before the king; and thus, ultimately, the diabolical schemes of the conspirators were frustrated, their lives forfeited, and the parliament and the king preserved from destruction.

The Sketch-Book.

No. XXVI.

MAY-DAY IN THE VILLAGE.

THE sun had scarcely risen over Elmwood village, when nearly all its inhabitants had left their beds, and were rambling through the fields and along the hedges, to gather green branches and fresh flowers to deck the May-pole, around which the old and the young were to assemble, when Evening, the friend and patroness of innocent amusement, paced in her shadowy mantle over earth. It was the morning that ushered in "the merriest month of all the year;" and in the whole village there was but one aching heart. Nearly opposite the spot in which, "time out of mind," on such festal occasions, the villagers had held their joyous meetings, was the neat but humble cottage in which Mary Edmonds and her children dwelt. She was a stranger, who had been about three years a resident amongst them, and by her kind and gentle manners, her continual anxiety to lessen all their difficulties, and to administer to all their wants, and, above all, by that air of gentility which marked her as evidently superior to the situation she then filled, she had succeeded in gaining not only their esteem, but their affection.

Awakened from sleep that was seldom unbroken, she opened her lattice-window, and looked forth upon the laughing crowds, in whose joy she could not participate, and listened to the merry singing, for which her heart had no echo. Their voices were loud and cheerful, as they sung the song that had been their favourite, perhaps for ages:—

It is the merry month of May,
That laughs all wintry cares away;
O, the merry, merry May!

Now we have had our April showers,
And merry May will bring us flowers;
O, the merry, merry May!

She comes in robe of red and green;
So gay, with diamond gems between;
O, the merry, merry May!

Then look upon her cloudless sky,
And hear her herald-lark on high;
O, the merry, merry May!

Then drive all wintry cares away,
And laugh and be like merry May;
O, the merry, merry May!

Mary Edmonds listened to the gay song of her neighbours; but they little knew the feelings to which their merriment had given rise. The day was to her one which brought recollections the most sad; and when they passed on their way rejoicing, she turned from her window, and wept bitterly.

It was well known to all the neighbourhood, that some cloud shadowed her hopes and her prospects; for in her countenance and manner there was that expression of deep though uncomplaining sorrow, which seldom arises from any wound but that which rankles in the heart, and for which the world's blessings can never provide a cure. Her cottage was neatly and tastefully furnished. It was evident that she possessed a competency sufficient to secure the possession, not only of necessaries, but of comforts. All who knew her were her friends, and it was almost impossible that she could ever have had an enemy. Her habits and her temper were peculiarly domestic and placid, and her children were all that a mother could wish them—beautiful, interesting, and beloved by all. The unhappiness (for every one felt she was unhappy) of Mary Edmonds, was therefore a mystery to the villagers. No one could divine the source from whence it arose. Many, indeed, were the guesses as to its origin; for although they had often heard her children talk of a father, they had never heard her speak of a husband; and when she came amongst them, her dress was not that of a widow.

The day of merriment had passed, and the evening had summoned the old and young of the village to the open plain that fronted Mary Edmonds' dwelling. She was sitting on the green bank beneath the aged tree that shadowed the cottage-gate; and as the mingled sounds of music and laughter from the neighbouring crowd met her ear, she pressed her hand to her brow, and seemed absorbed in thoughts that were even more than usually melancholy.

Her little boy had been for some time leaning his head on her lap, and, as he found himself still unnoticed, at length he raised his tearful eyes, looked in her face, and asked her why she was so sad, when every body was so happy?

"Put away your daisies, Jane," said he to his young sister, who was sitting by his mother's side, arranging a nosegay of wild flowers—"Put away your daisies, and come and kiss mamma, for she is weeping."

At this moment a stranger appeared standing within the cottage-gate; he wore a dark riding-cloak, the cape of which he held to his face, with the evident intention of concealing his features; and remained for awhile unoccupied by those he was so earnestly contemplating.

"Mamma, mamma, do not look so sad!" exclaimed both her children, and Mary Edmonds turned and smiled through her tears as she kissed them.

The stranger advanced a few steps nearer to the group, and withdrew the cloak that more than half hid his face. The expression of his countenance was melancholy also; but it was a melancholy mingled with remorse—very different from that of the woman on whom he was so intently gazing. The fall of his cloak appeared to be accidental, for in an instant he resumed the disguise, and continued to look upon the mother embracing and weeping over her children.

He had not continued in this posture many minutes before he attracted the attention of the little boy, who pointed him out to his mother. She rose, and politely curtsied to the stranger.

"If you are going to join the crowd of merry villagers, sir," said she, "you have but to pass this corner, and you will see the light-hearted and happy."

The stranger made no reply. "Or, perhaps, sir," she continued, "you are on your way to the village inn; your road will lead you to it, but you will find it deserted now."

Still the stranger gave her no answer; and while she stood gazing with some surprise upon him, she saw his bosom heave as if in violent agitation, and a suppressed sob appeared to shake his whole frame.

"You do not know me, Mary," said he.

Mary Edmonds looked at him fixedly, and while she gazed, he let the mantle fall from his face. She sank upon the green sward from which she had risen, and appeared to exert a more than human strength, while she replied to his question.

"Too well do I know that voice and those features.—Go, my children," said she, "and wait within until I come to you." The little ones immediately passed through the gate, and entered the cottage.

The stranger instantly fell at Mary's feet, embracing them, and wept like a child. "Oh!" said he, "I cannot ask for pardon; but for the love of Him who died for sinners, give it to me, Mary—give it to me!"

Mary Edmonds took her husband's hand, and her tears fell fast upon it:—

"Oh! why did you desert me?" were the only words she could utter.

"Oh! I have wronged you," he answered, "but I have suffered deeply—most deeply: by day and by night the bitterest remorse has been with me, until my life became a burden, and I have come, on my knees to obtain forgiveness, or to depart from you and die. For the sake of those little ones—I have never seen one of them until this night—forgive me, Mary! For the sake of that God you have always loved, and who has given me a broken and a contrite heart—forgive me, Mary! Forgive me, even on the return of the very day on which, like a wretch, I left you!"

Mary Edmonds had deeply felt the wrongs she had suffered: deserted by the husband in whom had centred all her earthly hopes and affections,—at the moment, too, when his cares and attentions were rendered doubly necessary,—she had struggled; and not altogether in vain, to forget the days—the words—the looks—the actions of pure and devoted love, in the remembrance of the sin by which he had been led away—the surest death-blow to a woman's peace and to a woman's pride. But she was a wife and a mother; and the parent of her children, the object of her early and disinterested attachment was before her—a penitent! She knew that in heaven there is joy over a sinner that repenteth; and few will blame her for raising her husband from the ground, and, amid weeping and thanksgiving to the Almighty for his restoration to virtue, receiving him again to her home and her affections.—*The Anselm.*

ANCIENT LORD MAYORS OF LONDON, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

THE first mayor of London was Henry Fitzalwin, a draper, appointed by the king, and continued mayor from the first of Richard I. until the fifteenth of king John, which was twenty-four years. King John, by his letters patent, granted to the citizens of London liberty to choose a mayor. In 1246, Gerard Bat, mayor, was refused admittance to the king, being charged with taking money of the victuallers in the preceding year. In 1260, the king granted that the mayors should be presented to the barons of the Exchequer. In 1265, the chains and posts in London were plucked up, and the mayor and principal citizens committed to Ward, when Otto, constable of the Tower, was made custos of the city. In 1281, William Farendon and Nicholas Winchester were sheriffs; this William Farendon

was father to Nicholas Farendon, who was mayor in 1313, and from whom Faringdon Ward took its name. In one day, in 1356, Henry Picard, mayor, feasted four kings. In 1409, Richard Marlow was mayor, when a play at Skinner's Well was acted, which lasted eight days; it was called "The Creation of the World;" and nobles, barons, and officers of state, honoured its representation. In 1453, sir John Norrman, mayor and draper, was the first that was rowed by water to Westminster. "For joy thereof," (says Stowe,) the watermen made a song in his praise, beginning, '*Row thy boat, Norman.*'" In 1484, there were three mayors and three sheriffs, owing to a sweating sickness. In 1503, sir William Capell was mayor, and first caused cages to be set up in every Ward, for the punishment of rogues and vagabonds. The first bachelor mayor was John Matthew, mercer, 1490. The first mayor who was knighted was James Yardford, mercer, in 1519. In 1535, sir John Allen, mayor and mercer, was made a privy councillor to the king for his great wisdom. In 1547, sir John Gresham was mayor, brother to sir Richard Gresham, formerly mayor. In 1555, sir William Garret, or Garrad, was mayor, when seven aldermen died in London in less than ten months. In 1563, sir Thomas White, grocer, was mayor, when the great plague prevented the feast, and the Thames was frozen over. In 1578, sir Richard Piper was chosen mayor, when the blazing star appeared, and a deep snow. In 1579, sir Nicholas Woodroffe was mayor, when the great and general earthquake took place, on Wednesday, in the easter week. In 1586, sir George Barne was mayor; sir Philip Sidney's funeral took place; and Ludgate new built at the city's charge. In 1591, sir William Webb was mayor, when the Thames was almost empty of water for two days' space. In 1592, sir William Rowe was mayor—no Bartholomew fair. In 1604, sir Thomas Lowe was mayor, when term was held at Winchester; the great plague being in London. In 1609, sir Thomas Campbell was mayor, when the lord mayor's shows, long left off, were now revived again by order from the king. In 1613, sir Thomas Middleton, grocer, was mayor, son to Richard Middleton, of Denbigh, when the new river was brought to London from Aynwell. In 1615, sir John Jolles was mayor; this year two brothers were sheriffs; the younger first chosen; and the king went to Scotland. In 1616, sir John Leman was mayor, the second bachelor. In 1618, sir Sebastian Harvey was mayor, when sir Walter Raleigh was

beheaded in Palace Yard, Westminster. In 1620, sir Francis Jones was mayor, and the new river was finished the 29th of September. In 1622, sir Peter Proby was mayor, commonly called in the country Peter ap-Robin: his father's name is not recorded, but is said to be born near Whitechurch, Shropshire. In 1628, sir Richard Deane was mayor, when Felten was hanged in chains for killing the duke of Buckingham. In 1630, sir Robert Dury was mayor; lord Audley and the earl of Castlehaven, beheaded on Tower Hill; and in 1632, sir Nicholas Raynton was mayor, when the third part of London Bridge was destroyed by fire.

P. T. W.

My Common-Place Book.

No. XV.

Hasty Journal of an Old Fyle who put foot in the Highlands during the summer of 1818.

(Continued from page 260.)

OUR route lay along the banks of Loch Vennacher, beautifully winding up towards Loch Achray and the Trossachs. The length of the way was rather considerable to us who had just commenced pedestrianizing, but the loveliness of the scenery much beguiled it, and we were nourished by the pleasing anticipation of the wonders yet in store for us. Arrived at Stuart's—the stahacher afforded so much satisfaction, that, although he had cheerfully agreed to accompany us for the sum of five shillings, we doubled it. The first greeting we received at Arch-chin-chrokan, was from our evil genius and his sharp nose. Despair straightway seized us—escape was utterly impossible—then commenced the determination to be resigned to our melancholy fate, as there was no alternative. He made up to us forthwith—amused us with rather a detailed account of some travellers whom he had encountered at Doune, and observed, archly twisting up the corners of his mouth towards his eyebrows, that he once imagined they were indeed *our very selves*. Instantly, as before, he contrived to keep up a volley of conversation. Stirling Castle brought out some remarks touching military tactics—it could not, he affirmed, be defended for even three days; and with an eloquence and volubility, at which we sat aghast, he continued to descant on fortification, approaches, defence, &c., interlarding his remarks with such a string of military technicalities, that from our previous conception of his having been let loose from

some counting house, we were quite dislodged, and compelled to form a new conjecture, that he either must be an officer in the king's service, of some repute, or "ould Mahoun" in person. To the latter of these surmises we rather disposed to incline, for a compound of information, wit, shrewdness, and egotism, so extraordinary, is seldom encountered.

After a reasonable repast of such delicacies as the place afforded, which amounted in sooth, to no more than a goodly dish of eggs and bacon, crowned with the glittering "mountain dew," we proceeded, in company with our amazing friend, to see the Trossachs—passed through the Trossach Glen, and were charmed with the beautifully wooded mountains rising on each side of us. A short walk brought us to the banks of Loch Katrine—took a boat and a stalwart highlander, named Stuart, with us, as guide and boatman. Our worthy friend with the singular handle to his face, took one of the oars, remarking, that having made some little use of his *legs* on that day already, it was but right that his *arms* should have something to do: so away we glided, with a long, sweet summer's evening before us.

Nothing surely can exceed this exquisitely delightful expanse of water and the scenery along its banks. It lay sleeping in such stillness and loveliness, as would have led one to imagine that no human foot had ever intruded upon the repose of its shores, and no oar could ever have ruffled its waters. Surely, thought I to myself, if there were given unto me the wings of a dove, to this place would I flee away and be at rest. Verily, had I been alone, I must have felt as if my spirit had been translated far, far from the possibility of any more experiencing care, passion, and mortal coil; so bright a vision overshadowed my soul of the green pastures and the still waters of the land of purity and peace. Sir Walter Scott's description is as excellent as truth and genuine poetry can be:—

"The summer eve's reflected hue
To purple chang'd Loch-Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees;
And the pleas'd lake, like moisten'd coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye."

At the Lady of the Lake Island, we landed. Our friend with the nose was quite indefatigable, and exhibited an activity that nothing could exhaust. He sprang on the isle before us: pounced

upon the branch of a tree, which was without a moment's delay severed from its stem, and transmutated into a weapon of respectable appearance—serving moreover as an excellent memorial of the interesting spot from which it was taken. Before we could prepare similar memoranda, he had accomplished all this—spun round the place with his accustomed invincible agility, and, anon, into the boat—seizing the oars and jocularly threatening to leave us, like so many Robinson Crusoes, if we did not brush away and keep moving. About eight miles farther we proceeded up the lake: and now the time of our deliverance from the persecution of this man's everlasting nose arrived. Although twilight had fairly set in, and indeed the shades of evening were obviously deepening around us, he landed on the banks, with the intention of sleeping at the first farm-house he met with, and thence proceeding to the garrison at Inversnayd, a place constructed originally, and maintained by government, for watching the predatory motions of the notorious Rob Roy, in days of yore. "Good evening, gentlemen," said he, as he jumped on shore, "I'll meet you once more, at Glasgow." Horror-struck at this intimation, we nevertheless, after he had taken his departure, began to experience a few compunctious visitings of conscience, at not having made some show of polite opposition to his almost frantic intention, more especially as he knew nothing of the way, and the guide assured us that the road among the hills was attended with hazard, and he must trudge a dreary six miles, at least, before any human habitation would appear in sight. But our bark was on its return, and still most imposing and grand, in the mist of evening, was the prospect up the beautifully-winding loch. The lofty hills of Arrochar and Benvoirlich, towering in the dim perspective, really combined to form a landscape of the most sublime order. "Will you sing us a song of the Gael?" quoth I to the guide, thinking that the language in which Ossian sang, and the wild or plaintive strains of the country, would unite well with the scene around us, and keep good time to the plashing of the oars; but, alas! the Stuart was not musical. Having advanced the greater part of our homeward way in the boat, a proposal was made that we should land, and proceed on foot, the remainder of the distance. No sooner said, than done. With much difficulty and some slight peril, we ascended a lofty eminence, which, on the left, overlooks Lochs Achray and Vennachar, with the Trossachs, and on the right, Loch Ka-

trine and its magic scenery. The Stuart met us on our descent, and the return was through a damp and rugged glen to "the top of the hill," or place with a name enough to split any honest man's jaw, even to attempt to pronounce: time about ten o'clock. While we were devouring a princely mess of bread and milk by way of supper, the guide kept up a gossip not unamusing—took care to inform us that he was one of the royal Stuart family, and showed us the genealogical list of that illustrious race.

By five o'clock on the following morning we arose, and having engaged our former guide for some short time, ascended the hill which presents a view of Glenfinlas. The enthusiasm of the moment, made us absurdly careless, which I would advise all who mean henceforth to roam that way, to avoid; in truth, we had forgotten to take some provender before starting; therefore the difficulty of climbing was much increased by the debility induced by such culpable negligence. A finer morning was never beheld, and with much gratification we surveyed the glen, in which are six neat hamlets, situated near each other, and inhabited by families of the same name and connexion. The length is said to be three miles, and it has much the appearance of a place most admirably calculated for one who would wish to live in the world as if he were altogether out of it, "unknowing and unknown:" forgetting all worldly things, and alike forgotten by them. From this eminence, which they affirm is in height a mile and a half, the surrounding lochs presented a fine appearance. On descending, we lost no time in going to the cottage, (as it could barely be called,) and attacked the bread and some sour milk, the only viands procurable, with thankfulness; then up and away, by a bridge across Loch Athbay, over the hills to Aberfoil; taking a long farewell of the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, which, on the preceding eve, had afforded us so much real delight. The road over the hills was deplorably bad, rugged and declivitous; nevertheless we wandered on: Stuart always amusing us with some gossip or other. Met a decent highland laird who walked with us to the Clachan of Aberfoil; the appearance of which, from the summit of a rising ground, is rather taking. It is but a small village, and the kirk is the most prominent object therein. On that day, there happened to be a halloo, or fair: it was in short a busy market for the vending of cattle. But breakfast was our first concern, and an illustrious one was soon placed before us, of which our

highland laird was invited to partake. There was tea, it might be Hyson, Son-chong, or Bohea; there was doubtless to be seen in the goodly array of edibles, bread, butter, and new laid eggs: but the Loch Tyne herring and the blue ruin, my boy—forget them shall I never. From the window of this comfortable inn, we had a tolerable survey of the Clachan; in vain, however, did we glance about for Jeanny M'Alpine's hut. The country very wild, and yet beautiful too in its wildness. It escaped me to mention that on our road to this place, we had passed Lochadunkle, a lake so sweetly reposing between the mountains, that we could not choose but wish it had a more respectable name. But talking of names, I am nauseated at our English ones; who could endure Hampstead, Highgate, and Newington Butte, after becoming familiar with such as Yarrow, Ettrick, and the poetry of the highland names?

From Aberfoil, we departed to Loch Ard, and promenade deliberately around the beautiful loch. At a cottage near the banks, we saw and handled a sword, said to have belonged to Rob Roy: it is a neat basket hilt, and looks much more adapted to the grasp of some genteelmale quarrelsome dandy, than that of such a brawny depredator as Rob. He was in the land of his home here: this was the clime of the clan M'Gregor; and an ancient dame was pointed out to us, who had spent her existence in the place, whose memory was stored with the death of that famous race; but especially of the well-known Robert the Red. Time, however, prohibited our hearing any of these details, which must unquestionably possess no common interest when winter covers the hills with its garment of snow; when the spirit of the storm is abroad, and the blazing fire is heaped up with fuel within. And now for Ben Lomond, which sternly, from base to summit, burnt upon our view. Shall we ascend this afternoon, or defer it till the morning? Stiff was the debate, and prolonged, while one proposed one thing, and another brought forward a response thereto. We had already walked no small distance, and had the matter been calmly considered, the result must have been that enough had been done that day "for Prim's royal name;" but it was a time of excitement; and notwithstanding the expostulations of the Stuart, we resolved on proceeding without more delay.

Tim. Tobghin.

(To be continued.)

The Novelist.

No. XCI.

THE BOYNE WATER.—A TALE.*(Concluded from page 281.)*

EVELYN is appointed to the command of a troop, headed by lord Mount Alexander; he, however, at the suggestion of Walker, with his sister, repairs to Derry, where they arrive just before lord Antrim, who was about to garrison it with three thousand troops for James. The authorities were for admitting them, but Walker stirred up the apprentice-boys, and they closed the gates of Derry. Evelyn makes a visit to his house, and finds it occupied by a party of Irish Rapparees, Papists, with Rory-na-Chappel among them; they had carried the place by assault; in spite of the resistance of Evelyn's uncle, Jeremiah. While here, the house is attacked by a party of Sasenachs, and the Rapparees defeated. One of the latter, Deernid O'Moore, is left in charge of Evelyn, with orders to shoot him if their party is beat. He is on the point of doing this, when Moya Laherty, who had formed an attachment to Evelyn, interferes, but in vain; she however dashed a cup of wine over the pistol, which prevented the powder from igniting; a scuffle ensued, in which Evelyn was overpowered, and would have been killed, had not Moya stabbed O'Moore under the shoulder; the party that had defeated the Rapparees was led by Walker, who heard of the attack on Evelyn's house.

Evelyn has his troop assigned him, and is in many skirmishes; in one adventure he meets Edmund, who preserves his life at the hazard of his own, for his party mutinied at relinquishing Evelyn as a prisoner. Edmund conducts Evelyn to a place of safety, where they encounter Onagh, who had been despatched by Eva to warn them of danger; they are afterwards joined by this young lady, and they all, with Onagh, escape by a boat, and get to M'Donnell's house at the strip of Burnie. After some other adventures, they are surprised by a party of horse, headed by lord Mount Alexander. Eva is suffered to depart, but Edmund is arrested and conveyed to Derry; Jeremiah Evelyn, who had been brought by the Rapparees to the besiegers of Derry, was also taken prisoner.

The famine that prevailed at Derry, and the sufferings its brave defenders underwent, are powerfully told, and we will introduce in the author's words his very excellent description of the memorable siege:—

"The last horse of the garrison had been slaughtered and devoured; and a true, though perhaps not very agreeable idea of the wants of the soldiers and people will be formed, when it is known that considerable sums were offered for cats, rats, mice, horse-blood, raw hides, greaves, and such offal, while a dog, fattened on the dead bodies of the papists, was invaluable.

"Before the 30th of July, Edmand's strength, notwithstanding the foul and scanty food he received, was somewhat recruited, and on that day, he found, or fancied himself able to resume, with more consistency, his determination of visiting Esther. In Evelyn's absence he rose and dressed himself, and was met by his friend, preparing to go out.

"'You see,' he said, 'I am not to die without beholding her; let us go together; if you refuse me I shall go alone.'

"Thus urged, Evelyn gave him his arm, himself scarce able to walk. Upon this memorable morning, the garrison of seven thousand five hundred men, regimented in Derry about three months before, was reduced to four thousand; even of these, one thousand were disabled, and more than ten thousand of the population had died. As the friends slowly walked along, the streets seemed deserted by the living. Groups of dead bodies almost exclusively filled them, or here and there a famished wretch dropt down dead or to die. In one case, indeed, they saw a frightful instance of life and death linked together, where a starving infant sprawled upon the breasts of its lifeless mother, tearing at her nipple for the milk that was dried up for ever. Further on, an affluent gentleman, dying on the pavement, stretched out his hat, half filled with gold, to a beggar, for the bone he gnawed, and the beggar spurned the gold. A very old man, respectable too, had crawled to a wall to devour a handful of some carrion food, and a young lad, stronger than he, though like him a skeleton, tore it from his clutch, and, when resistance was offered, dealt him a stunning blow. Passing by the churchyard, the bodies of those recently dead, and carelessly buried, were exposed to view, rent from their graves by a succession of the showers of shells, which had first sent many of them thither, and now refused them its repose.

"Buying and selling was at an end; greeting and saluting, visiting and returning of visits. Money lost its artificial value; there was no food that it could purchase, and stark hunger required no other necessary. Shops were

left open or shut at random; houses had lost their tenants; the man inclined to theft might rob and plunder; but when he was laden with booty he found it of no use, and he cast it into the mire of the streets. Distinctions of rank were almost lost, in some cases natural connexion was forgotten. There were no masters—no servants; they had no reciprocal duties to exercise, or else common suffering equalized them."

Esther and Evelyn are both taken ill of the fever, and Esther dies. Fearing that the house of old M'Donnell might be attacked, Edmund and Eva, accompanied by Evelyn, repair thither, and find it reduced to ashes, and their father murdered. While here, they are surprised by the ruffian, Kirke, and his party, and Evelyn again owes his life to Moya.

We regret we cannot within our limited space, accurately define the various other adventures which conduct to the finale of this charming tale; but having devoted a part of two numbers of the MIRROR to preserve an analysis of the novel, and having faithfully given the leading features of its plot—we have only to add, that Evelyn is united to Eva, and Edmund and his brother, James M'Donnell, who had been taken prisoner, and sentenced to death, were banished.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.

Come near to me, my gentle girl,

Come share a father's parting sorrow,—

And weep with me those tears to-day,

Nor thou, nor I, may weep to-morrow.

Come lean once more upon my breast,

As when a simple child caressing,

For another day, and far away

Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

The wind blows fairly for the sea:—

The white waves round thy bark are swells;

Thy lover sighs, for the morn to rise,

And make thee a bride, my gentle Ellen;—

Yet closer, closer, round me cling,

Though another claim thy love to-morrow,

None, none are here, to reprove the tear,

That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

Come gaze on me, thou darling child,

My fairest, and my fondest cherish'd,

That I may trace, in thy placid face,

Thy mother's beauty ere she perish'd.

And let me hear thy mother's song,

Yet once more from thy sweet lips swelling,—

And none again shall sing that strain,

The last song of my gentle Ellen.

And say, that when between us lie

Wide lands and many a mountain billow,

Thy heart will tend to thine earliest friend,

And think in prayer of his aged pillow.

For my head is white with winter snow,

No earthly sun away may carry,

Until I come to my waiting home,

The last home, where the aged tarry.

Then lean once more upon my breast,

As when a simple child caressing,

For another day, and far away,

Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

Ay,—closer, closer, round me cling,

Though another claim thy love to-morrow,

None, none are here, to reprove the tear,

That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

STANZAS.

O'er yon churchyard the storm may lower,

But heedless of the wintry air,

One little bud shall linger there,

A still and trembling flower,

Unscathed by long revolving years,

Its tender leaves shall flourish yet,

And sparkle in the moonlight, wet

With the pale dew of tears.

And where thine humble ashes lie,

Instead of 'scutcheon or of stone,

It rises o'er thee, lonely one,

Child of obscurity!

Mild was thy voice as zephyr's breath,

Thy cheek with flowing locks was shaded!

But the voice hath died, the cheek hath faded

In the cold breeze of death!

Brightly thine eye was smiling, sweet!

But now decay hath still'd its glancing;

Warmly thy little heart was dancing,

But it hath ceased to beat!

A few short months,—and thou wert here

Hope sat upon thy youthful brow!

And what is thy memorial now?

A flower—and a tear!

THE AFFINITY OF LANGUAGES.

WE believe it is the learned Klaproth who remarks, that there is but one language spoken on the face of the earth, or rather, that all languages are but so many dialects of the primeval speech. Be this as it may, there are certainly many words which are common to all or most languages; and in confirmation hereof we subjoin a curious, and, we may say, instructive detail of the various speeches in which the word *sack*, meaning *bag*, is found, as given in *Dr. Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary*:—*Gaelic*, *Hebrew*, *Chaldaic*, *sac*; *Arabic*, *sagari*; *Coptic*, *psak*, a *pannier*; *Greek*, *σάκος*; *Latin*, *saccus*; *Italian*, *sacco*; *Spanish*, *saco* and *saca*; *Belgio*, *sack*; *French*, *sac*; *Dutch*, *zak*; *Swedish*, *sack*; *Gothic*, *sack*; *German*, *sack*; *Danish* and *Norse*, *sack*; *Sclavonic*, *Carniolese*, *shakel*; *Hungarian*, *sak*; *Turkish*, *sak*; *Georgian*, *sako*; *Anglo-Saxon*, *sacc* and *sac*; *Irish*, *sac*; *Welsh*, *sack*; *Cornish*, *zah*; *Armoric*, *sach*; *Biscayan*, *sac*.

Dr. A.'s supposition is not unreasonable, viz. that this is one of the few words which have come down to us from the original language of man.

The Living Anvil Stock.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Having observed in the public journals various statements respecting a Living Anvil Stock, at Galgate, I visited that place in order to collect some information regarding it, which I thought might probably be interesting to your numerous readers. The anvil stock (which the engraving correctly represents) is placed in a smith's shop, near the bridge, on the old north road, and is formed from the butt-end of an oak, which, no doubt, supported the nests of rooks for many ages. It was brought to its present situation, about three years since, from the Grange Rookery, and is altogether about three feet long, and sixteen inches above the floor. It measures two feet at the top, on which an anvil is placed and regularly worked; notwithstanding which, and having when removed been stripped of its principal roots and bark, it continues, every year, to shoot forth healthy stems. I counted more than twenty in number and nine inches in length; one had grown sixteen inches, but had been accidentally broken off; they all grow together as shown in the engraving.

M. S.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PARRIANA.

I REMEMBER Dr. Parr at an early period, when he was master of the Free School at Norwich. It was a Gothic

structure near the cathedral, endowed by Henry the Sixth. As you advanced along its spacious floor, you heard the buzzings of the boys plying their various tasks, as they sat within a sort of railed pew, which extended from the bottom to the top of the chamber, half lost and overpowered by the overwhelming tones of our venerable Ofellus, who was hearing from an elevated chair, to which you approached by steps, the higher classes at their Greek play, and pouring out a loud torrent of parallel passages to elucidate the author. It was at this time a favourite theory of Parr, that the progress of learning towards the understanding was in an upward direction; for, in subservience to that theory, he was a systematic devotee of the birch. It was done, however, in perfect good-humour; never sudden, nor under the instantaneous impulse of passion. It was a cool, judicial sentence, the execution of which was generally postponed till the rising of the school, when there was often a whimsical kind of contest for precedence in submitting to the infliction. It was so alight, except for grave offences, that it was never a subject of much apprehension. "Come, and bring the bats for a game at cricket!" was the exclamation of one boy to another, as they all rushed out at twelve o'clock. "I can't come immediately," was the reply: "I'll be with you in six or seven minutes. I am only going to be flogged."

The Spital Sermon gave birth to a tolerably facetious remark of Harvey Coombe, albeit unused to the facetious mood. As they were coming out of

church, after the delivery of that long discourse, "Well," says Parr to Coombe, "how did you like it?"—always anxious for well-merited praise, from whatever quarter it proceeded,—“let me have the suffrage of your strong and honest understanding,”—"Why, doctor," returned the alderman, "there were four things in your sermon that I did not like to hear."—"State them," replied Parr, eagerly. "Why, to speak frankly then," said Coombe, "they were the quarters of the church clock, which struck four times before you had finished it." The joke was goodhumouredly received. Harvey Coombe, though of quiet, gentlemanly manners, could now and then say something good. He was conversing one day at Brookes's with Jack Stepney. A little variation of opinion occurring, Jack intimated his dissent by exclaiming, "I don't know that, Mr. Coombe, I don't know that!"—"Don't know that!" retorted the other; "If you could put down in writing every thing you did not know, Mr. Stepney, you would soon make a very large book."

The characteristics of the first Mrs. Parr were natural acuteness and good sense; and these qualities Parr readily conceded to her. With all this, however, she was an apt student in the art of ingeniously tormenting, and occasionally influenced by a spirit of contradiction which made large demands upon his patience. I remember he was once visiting his cousin, the Rev. Robert Parr, at Norwich. Before he left Hatton, he had given directions to Mrs. Parr to open the letters addressed to him during his absence, and to forward only such as she knew he would be most anxious to receive, and might be worth the expense of the transmission. One day, a heavy package arrived by the post. It consisted of several common unimportant letters, some of them circular letters of tradesmen soliciting custom, &c. with a note from Mrs. Parr, stating that she had exercised the discretion he had given her, by forwarding the letters he would be most anxious to see, and kept back some others, among which was a long letter from Mr. Payne Knight about Homer. Parr had been for some time busied in a sort of epistolary controversy with that gentleman, upon the use of the *Æolic Digamma*; and he at all times delighted in his correspondence, and placed the highest value upon his research and erudition.

In truth, there was some incompatibility in this union. Its commencement was far from being a romantic one. When Parr, who had been under-master at

Hamow, applied for the head-mastership of Norwich school, which was in the gift of the corporation, he was told that it was essentially necessary that the master should be a married man. In this difficulty Parr instantly wrote to his friend Jones, afterwards sir William Jones, urging him with all possible diligence to look out for a wife for him, and to forward her by an early opportunity. The commission was faithfully executed, and Mrs. Parr duly arrived at Norwich.

Parr, when he occasionally came to London, sometimes visited Mrs. Linley, Sheridan's mother-in-law, at her house in Southampton-street, Covent-garden. She was then advanced in years, but I have heard him say, that he could trace, as he thought, in her countenance, many of the traits which he had often admired in Mrs. Sheridan and her sister Mrs. Tickell. Parr said, that a fine woman in years was viewed with a sort of feeling, like that of seeing the temples of the gods in ruins. Her fare was homely; but at her table he did as he liked. To the hospitable interrogation, upon his preparing to dine with her, of "Doctor, what shall I give you for dinner?" his almost invariable answer was, "Nothing, my dear Madam, but a shoulder of mutton; but then you are not to forget the onion-sauce." I mention this to show, that Parr, though fond of good eating, was not an epicure; for a shoulder of mutton, with its perpetual adjunct, onion-sauce, was for many years among his household divinities.

Mrs. Linley, several years after the death of her husband, was desirous of publishing a volume of the posthumous music of that eminent composer. Sheridan undertook to procure the Prince of Wales's permission to dedicate it to his Royal Highness, at the same time promising to write the dedication himself. The subscription was filled, the engraving struck off; weeks and weeks glided away, and no dedication. Her perplexity was mentioned to Parr, who instantly dictated the following, at least as near as I can recollect it.

"To His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, &c. &c.

"Sir,—It is the natural wish of one, from whom death has taken the best and tenderest of friends, to seek a laudable solace of her sorrows, by carrying into effect the wishes, that lay the nearest to his heart, whilst living. It was one of the most cherished purposes of my deceased husband, to place this volume at the feet of your Royal Highness, whom he revered as the skilful judge, and

loved as the munificent patron, of his favourite art. Under the authority of such an example, and the auspices of such a protection, may I be permitted to hope, that music in this island will vindicate her rank, not merely among the idle amusements, which minister to our pleasures, but among the salutary influences, which soften and amend the heart?

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

M. LINLEY."

This dedication was not adopted; for not long after it had been sent to Mrs. Linley, Sheridan's arrived. Talking once with him on the subject of dedications in a friend's library, he desired me to take down the first volume of Burney's History of Music, and to read to him the dedication of that work to the queen. "There," said he, "there is the true refinement of compliment without adulation. In the short compass of a few lines are comprised no small degree of the force, and nearly all the graces, and the harmonies of the English language. But Burney did not write it. Johnson wrote it; and on this, as on other occasions, showed himself an accomplished courtier. Jimmy Boswell ought to have known that Johnson wrote it. I had it from good authority; besides it is Johnson's internally." It is singular that Boswell, who exerted so much industry in tracing all the papers of this kind which Johnson wrote for his friends, should have omitted this dedication. How truly Johnsonian is the following passage:

"The science of musical sounds has been depreciated as appealing only to the ear, and affording nothing more than a fugitive and temporary delight; but it may justly be considered as the art, which unites corporal with intellectual pleasure, by a species of enjoyment, which gratifies sense, without weakening reason; and which, therefore, the great may cultivate without debasement, and the good may enjoy without deprivation."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

FAIR IDA.—A BALLAD.

His boat is on the waters—hark!
I hear the splashing oar,
What though the wave be wild and dark,
I'll venture from the shore;
Love hath a light for deep midnight,
A compass for the sea,
For him I'll fear not ocean's might,
He is my all to me
And must I leave my father's hall,
Where I was gently bred,
And climb'd the knee and lip'd to all,
Unconscious what I said—

Where dostingly a mother's eye—

(Alas that it is closed!)
Gazed on me in my infancy

And watch'd while I reposed!
Yes—there's a dearer home for me
Within a lover's arms;

And there my head shall cradled be
In safety from alarms.

I cannot wed the man I hate—
I cannot falsely play,

Though father's threat may not abate—
Though I be spurn'd away.

My love—he is my life to me,
My nurse, my sire, my home,

He looks upon me smilingly,
And beckons me to come,

He hath his nest of down for me,
His little timorous maid,

Where I shall cower in shelter free,
Nor fluttering nor afraid.

Thus at her window o'er the wave
That gentle maid basted,

The hour was silent as the grave,
No star was overhead.

The sea cur'd softly on the shore,
And said, or seem'd to say:—

"I've hush'd her thro' the billows' roar,
Come, Ida, come away!"

Her lover's bark is on the strand,
His foot upon the beach,

And they are hurrying, hand in hand,
The little skiff to reach;

Her foot is on the floating plank,
Her lover close behind,

And they have left the pebbly bank,
And every fear behind.

There's light within her father's hall,
There's hurrying to and fro,

And voices from her window call,
And from the beach below—

Along the wave a carbine shot
Sings shrilly with its speed;

Her love—for fate so drew the lot—
Her love alone must bleed.

Frantic fair Ida hears his groan;
Her hand is on the wound;

His heart's blood on her hand hath down
With that last dying sound.

Back to the shore, go, boatmen, go,
Finish'd is your employ;

But she, the fair, what is she now,
So late the bride of joy!

A maniac on that oozy shore
At times seen wandering wild,

Addressing the rude ocean's roar,
In accents of a child;

Or from her window, at deep night,
Asking athwart the gloom,

In fancy of her lover's sprite,
The mysteries of his tomb;

New Monthly Magazine.

He that has no friend and no enemy is
one of the vulgar, and without talents,
powers, or energy.—*Lavalier*.

The Selector;
OR,
**CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.**

**LEVEE OF THE PRIME MINIS-
TER OF A TURKISH PASHA.**

We expressed a wish to be permitted to see the palace of the pasha, the castle, the armoury, and any other public building that might be deemed worthy of a stranger's attention, which, after some hesitation, arising from the peculiar circumstances of the government at the present moment, was at last acceded to.

As no regularly appointed pasha had yet replaced the late governor of Damascus, who had recently died on his route of return from the pilgrimage of Mecca, the administration of affairs was vested in the hands of his kihyah bey, or prime minister. A message was therefore sent in to an inner apartment of the palace, stating the nature of our visit, and the request we had preferred, when the bearer of it soon returned, and invited us, in the name of his master, to "the presence." We readily followed him, and found the venerable Turk seated in a small but richly furnished apartment, guarded and attended by at least fifty handsome officers, all armed with sabres and dirks, and all superbly dressed. We were desired to seat ourselves on the sofa, beside these chiefs, before whom stood, in groups, an equal number of armed attendants, and were treated with great respect and attention. The rich Jew, Mellein Yusef, who conducted us to the presence of the kihyah bey, seated himself with the greatest possible humility on the floor beneath us, at the feet of his superiors, who occupied the sofa, first kneeling, and then sitting back, while kneeling, on the heels and soles of his feet, with these and his hands completely covered, in an attitude and with an air of the most abject and unqualified humiliation. Mr. Banks was dressed as a turkish effendi, or private or unmilitary person; I still continued to wear the less showy garments of the Christian merchant, with which I had replaced my Bedouin garb. The rich Jew was dressed in the most costly garments, including Cashmere shawls, Russian furs, Indian silks, and English broad cloth; all, however, being of dark colours, since none but the orthodox Mohammedans are allowed to wear either green, red, yellow, azure, or white, in any of their garments, which are, therefore, however costly in the material, almost restricted to

dark browns, blacks, and blues. Among the party was also a Moslem dervish, with a patch-work and party-coloured bonnet, of a sugar-loaf-shape, and his body scarcely half covered with rags and tattered garments, his naked limbs protruding themselves most offensively, and his general appearance being indecent and disgusting. It was impossible not to be struck forcibly with the different modes of reception and treatment adopted towards us, more particularly as contrasted with our real and apparent conditions. The Jew, who was by far the wealthiest and the most powerful of all present, who lived in the most splendid house in Damascus, and fed from his table more than a hundred poor families every day, who literally managed the great machine of government, and had influence enough, both here and at Constantinople, to procure the removal of the present bey from his post, if he desired it, was obliged to kneel in the presence of those who could not have carried on the affairs of government without his aid, while the dervish, contemptible alike for his ignorance and arrogant assumption of superiority, was admitted to the seat of honour, and, with ourselves, who were of a faith as far removed from their own as the Jew's, was served with coffee, sherbet, and perfumes, and treated by the attendants with all the marks of submission and respect.—*Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribe.*

**LINDLEY MURRAY'S ADVEN-
TURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.**

WHEN I was in England in the year 1771, I went to see the elephants which were kept at the queen's stables, Buckingham-house. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay, which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane; and watched the animal very narrowly, to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said that I had greatly displeased the elephant, and that he would never forget the injury. I thought but little of this admonition at the time. But about six weeks afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognised me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however,

when I was supposed to be within the reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence, that if it had struck me, I should probably have been killed, or have received some material injury. Happily for me, I perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprang out of his reach. To every other person present he was gentle and good tempered; and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the circumstance of the little affront which I had formerly put upon him.—*Memoirs of Lindley Murray.*

STUDY.

STUDY is a weariness without exercise, a laborious sitting still, that racks the inward, and destroys the outward man; that sacrifices health to conceit, and clothes the soul with the spoils of the body; and, like a stronger blast of lightning, not only melts the sword, but also consumes the scabbard.

Nature allows man a great freedom, and never gave an appetite but to be instrumental of enjoyment, nor made a desire, but in order to the pleasure of its satisfaction. But he that will increase knowledge must be content not to enjoy; and not only to cut off the extravagancies of luxury, but also to deny the lawful demands of convenience, to forswear delight, and look upon pleasure as his mortal enemy.

He must call that study that is indeed confinement; he must converse with solitude; walk, eat, and sleep thinking; read volumes, devour the choicest authors, and (like Pharaoh's kine) after he has devoured all, look lean and meagre. He must be willing to be weak, sickly, and consumptive; even to forget when he is hungry, and to digest nothing but what he reads.

He must read much, and perhaps meet little; turn over much trash for one grain of truth; study antiquity till he feels the effects of it; and, like the cock in the fable, seek pearls in a dung-hill, and perhaps rise to it as early. This is

Esse quod Arcesilas iurumque Solones :—to be always wearing a meditating countenance, to ruminate, mutter, and talk to a man's self for want of better company; in short, to do all those things which in other men are counted madness, but in a scholar pass for his profession.—*South's Sermons.*

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ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE DIET.

THE inhabitants of the northern extremities of Europe and Asia, the Esquimaux, and the people of Terra del Fuego, live entirely on flesh, and that often raw, and yet in strength, size, and courage, are far inferior to the rest of mankind. This proves that animal diet does not necessarily confer moral and physical energy. Again, vegetable diet is not connected with weakness and cowardice. The Greeks and Romans subsisted chiefly on vegetable preparations, at a period when their valour and energy rendered them the terror and admiration of surrounding nations. The Irish and Scotch, who are not weaker than ourselves, live chiefly on vegetable aliment. The Swedes under Gustavus and Charles were herbivorous and invincible. The Negroes, distinguished for all kinds of physical energy, live chiefly in the same way; and so do the South Sea Islanders, whose agility and strength were found infinitely to surpass those of our stoutest sailors. On the other hand, the debilitating effects of animal food are altogether without foundation; there is not a vestige of evidence that any period ever existed when the whole human race abstained from flesh, and lived in a state of perfect innocence and profound repose. The golden age of immaculate virtue is but the creation of poetical fancy, or the offspring of the heated brains of some visionary enthusiasts. That the use of animal food is consistent with the utmost energy both of mind and body, is proved by the experience of every individual. But all history testifies on this subject with a voice from which there is no appeal. The myriads of Hindoos who subsist on vegetable diet are held in subjection by a few hundreds of Europeans. When the ancient Romans abandoned this vegetable diet, they did not decline in moral and physical energy, or in political power. Look at the diet of that nation, which has produced some of the most illustrious names in the records of the human race, whether in literature, science, political, civil, or military eminence; the country of Shakspeare, Newton, Locke, and Milton. With such examples before us, it is monstrously absurd to assert that animal food is productive of any detrimental effect on the development and powers of the human mind and body.—*Criſſi's Translation of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.*

POWER OF THE MUSCLES.

ONE of the most wonderful properties of the muscles is the extraordinary force

they exert, although they are composed of such slender threads or fibres. The following facts in relation to this point, are demonstrated by the celebrated Borelli, in his work, *De Motu Animalium*. When a man lifts, with his teeth, a weight of two hundred pounds, with a rope fastened to the jaw teeth, the muscles named *Temporales* and *Massetes*, with which people chew, and which perform this work, exert a force of above fifteen thousand pounds weight. If any one hanging his arm directly downwards, lifts a weight of twenty pounds with the third or last joint of his thumb, the muscle which bends the thumb, and bears that weight, exerts a force of about three thousand pounds. When a man, standing upon his feet, leaps or springs forward to the height of two feet, if the weight of such a man be one hundred and fifty pounds, the muscles employed in that action will exert a force two thousand times greater; that is to say, a force of about three hundred thousand pounds. The heart at each pulse or contraction, by which it protrudes the blood out of the arteries into the veins, exerts a force of above a hundred thousand pounds.—*Dick's Christian Philosopher.*

Miscellanies.

THE QUERN

WAS once the only mill for corn-grinding used in the Highlands of Scotland. It is still in use among the northern nations of Europe, and in many parts of Asia. This rude instrument is composed of two stones of granite. The undermost stone is about two feet in diameter, and commonly hollowed to the depth of six inches. This hollow is of equal depth and diameter. Within this is placed, horizontally, a smooth round flag, about four inches thick, and so fitted to the cavity, that it can just revolve with ease. Through the centre of this revolving flag there is bored a hole for conveying the grain. In the lower stone, and exactly in the centre of its cavity, there is fixed a wooden pin, on which the upper stone is placed in such exact equiponderance, that, though there be some friction from their contact, a little force applied will make the upper flag revolve for several times, when there is no grain underneath. On the surface of the upper flag, and near the edge, are two or three holes, just deep enough to hold in its place the stick by which it is turned round. The working of this mill was left to the women, two of whom sat upon the ground with the quern between them, and, singing loudly some mountain melody, performed their work, the one

turning round the upper flag, with the thivel placed in one of the holes, and the other dropping the corn (previously dried) through the large hole. This rude mill was common among the Celtic nations, from the earliest periods of their history, of which we have any account that can be relied on; and, without question, it is to this simple instrument that we are to look for an explanation of our Saviour's prophecy of "two women grinding at a mill." In corroboration of this remark, we have the authority of Dr. Clarke, who saw one worked in Nazareth, the earliest residence of Jesus Christ. "Two women," he observes, "seated on the ground, opposite to each other, held between them two round flat stones, such as are seen in Lapland, and such as are in Scotland called *querns*. . . . In the centre of the upper stone was a cavity for pouring in the corn; and, by the side of this, an upright wooden handle for moving the stone. As the operation began, one of the women, with her right hand, pushed this handle to the woman opposite, who again sent it to her companion; thus communicating a rotatory and very rapid motion to the upper stone, their left hands being employed all the while in supplying fresh corn, as fast as the bran and flour fell from the sides of the machine."

The law of Scotland attempted, in vain, to discourage the use of the *quern*. So far back as the reign of Alexander III., in the year 1284, it was enacted, "That no man shall presume to grind quheit, malsloch, or rye, with hand-mylnes, except he be compelled by storm, and be in lack of mylnes quhillk should grind the samen. And, in this case, if a man grinds at hand-mylnes, he shall give the thretteln measure as multer (fine); and gif any man contravein this our prohibition, he shall tyne his hand-mylnes perpetuallie."

Dr. Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary.

MADAME DU DEFFAND AND PRESIDENT HENAU.

THESE two celebrated persons were both complaining one day of the continual interruptions which they met with from the society in which they lived. "How happy would one be," said the marquise, "to have a whole day to ourselves!" They agreed to try whether this was not possible; and at last found a small apartment in the Thuilleries, belonging to a friend, which was unoccupied, and where they proposed to meet. They arrived accordingly, in separate conveyances, about eleven in the forenoon; appointed their carriages to return at twelve at night; and ordered dinner from a *traiteur*. The

morning was passed entirely to the satisfaction of both, in effusions of love and friendship. "If every day," said the one to the other, "were to be like this, life would be too short." Dinner came; and before four o'clock sentiment had given place to gaiety and wit. About six, the marquise looked at the clock. "They play *Athalie* to-night," said she, "and the new actress is to make her appearance." "I confess," said the president, "that, if I were not here, I should regret not seeing her." "Take care, president," said the marquise; "what you say is really an expression of regret; if you had been as happy as you profess to be, you would not have thought of the possibility of being at the representation of *Athalie*." The president vindicated himself, and ended with saying, "Is it for you to complain, when you was the first to look at the clock, and to remark that *Athalie* was acted to-night? There is no clock for those who are happy." The dispute grew warm, they became more and more out of humour with one another; and, by seven, they wished most earnestly to separate; that was impossible. "Ah!" said the marquise, "I cannot stay here till twelve o'clock; five hours longer! what a punishment!" There was a screen in the room; the marquise seated herself behind it, and left the rest of the room to the president. The president, piqued at this, takes a pen, writes a note full of reproaches, and throws it over the screen. The marquise picks up the note, goes in search of pen, ink, and paper, and writes an answer in the sharpest terms. At last, twelve o'clock arrived; and each hurried off separately, fully resolved never to try the same experiment again.

TRIAL BY FIRE.

THE Druids had recourse to the ordeal of fire, in cases where the innocence of the accused person could not be ascertained by evidence. They obliged him to walk barefooted on the ashes and embers of the *Samb-theine*, or fire of peace. If they had any grounds for supposing him innocent, and if yet the multitude were impressed with an opinion of his guilt, they, to make a shew of rigour and impartiality, passed sentence of punishment on him; but, with the craftiness of their character, and the ever-scheming trickery of their profession, they privately provided him with an ointment well known among the ancients, (see Ovid, book ii. fable 1, and Servius, on line 78 of the eleventh *Æneid*;) and among modern jugglers, by an application of which to his feet and hands he could go through the ordeal uninjured,

and thus establish his innocence. Dr. Smith thinks it probable, that the Apostle Paul, who might have seen this trial among the nations he travelled through, alludes to it in 1 Cor. ch. iii. 15.

Dr. Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

CLERICAL PUNNING.

ON the day previous to a very recent ordination, the coach did not arrive till half an hour after the usual time. In the coach, however, were two very important articles, one in the shape of a deacon, (who ought to have made his appearance long before,) and a fish for the bishop's ordination dinner. The young clergyman received a very severe reprimand, and his lordship made a gracious apology for the delay of his dinner. Upon which the tardy candidate remarked, with the utmost gravity, that both himself and the fish had come in sufficient time to get into *hot water*.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK once ask'd a friend, "Don't you think I speak well,
Though I ne'er take a book from its shelf?"
"How the talent you've gain'd," said his friend, "I can't tell,
But I own you speak well—of yourself."

PLEASURE.

IT was the remark of Langier, a physician at the court of Vienna, that at the age of 25 we kill pleasure; at 30, we enjoy it; at 40, we husband it; at 50, we hunt after it; and at 60, we regret it.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

THE lottery's puff'd its latest sigh,
And kick'd its latest prance;
Well, 'tis no wonder that should die
Which only liv'd by chance.

A CELEBRATED epicure, who had hired a new cook, made a singular demand on a very respectable fire-office, in which he was insured. The cook, by carelessness, or want of skill in his profession, entirely spoiled a dinner he was ordered to prepare for a large party. The modern Heliogabalus made application for *thirty pounds*, the value of goods damaged by fire on his premises!

A GUINEA DEARLY EARNED.

THE parish-clerk of Winkleigh has a salary of a guinea per annum for winding up the church-clock daily. To earn this sum he has to travel 102 miles, ascend and descend 29,000 steps, and haul up 18 tons weight 3,600 yards.

A FRENCHMAN being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied monsieur. "Suppose you take one rise, you put your finger in, you turn de screw till you bear him no longer—*dat is de rheumatism*: den spose you give him one turn more—*dat is de gout*."

THE first visit Mademoiselle Clairon paid Voltaire, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, in the words of Amenaide, "Oh, my protecting God!" Voltaire, somewhat astonished, fell on his knees before her, and said, gravely, "Now that we are both on a level, how are you?"

WHEN Dimond (author of the *Foundling of the Forest*, &c.) was manager of the Bath theatre, his boxkeeper and P—, a member of the orchestra, agreed one evening to disguise themselves in grotesque dresses for the amusement of a snug party. It was then remarked that the boxkeeper looked like the *Jack of Clubs*; but P— wittily observed, he more nearly resembled a *Knave of Diamonds*, (Dimond's.)

BARNVELDT, of Holland, left two sons in considerable employments, who, being deprived of them by prince Maurice, engaged in a conspiracy against his life. One was beheaded, and the other made his escape. When the mother of him who was taken and condemned fell at the feet of Maurice, supplicating his life, the prince expressed his surprise, that she who had refused to ask her husband's pardon, should condescend to intercede in behalf of her son. "I did not ask pardon for my husband," said the mother, with a noble spirit, "because he was innocent; I ask it for my son, because he is guilty."

THERE is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be;

there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own; whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, and the more good things you call for, the welcome you are. No servant will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—*Dr. Johnson.*

RHYME AND REASON.

THOMAS CORNELL lodged in the same house with his brother, Peter Cornelle. When Peter wanted a rhyme, he called to his brother Thomas. When Thomas wanted a thought, he called to his brother Peter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L.'s drawing has been received, and is laid out for the engraver.

Bailis Nicol Jarvis has our best thanks, but we cannot give two engravings of the same object. The promised sketch, however, will be very acceptable.

P. T. W.; Jacobus; and A. B. C. (whose former paper, alluded to in his letter, we are sorry to say has been mislaid) in an early number.

For drawings from H. M. K. we are thankful. The sketch, received last, shall be engraved, and if a complete description could be forwarded to us, we should be most obliged.

The following are under consideration:—J. G. S.; Rivet; J. W. J. Burdon; W. G. Bension; T. G.; W. S.; Lara; and Malojaus. We wish to hear again from J. W. W.

The Parting is sufficiently tender, and The Fetch sufficiently horrifying; nevertheless we decline placing them in the columns of the Mirror. We must add, however, the ***** are truly sublime.

Lines to the Oppressed Israelites in Turkey; The Margate Steam Boat; G. W. A.; and Stanzas on the Funeral of Rebecca Somebody, a Wanton Suicide, &c. &c. we are compelled to reject.

Eoa's Epigram may have a point, but we do not know where to find it.

Early decision shall be given to the following articles, which have just reached us:—Fella; G. W. N.; W. C.—y; Giffert; A. M.; and J. E. S.

Printed and published by J. LINBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.